

THE ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED: GEORGE KNAPP & CO.,
Charles W. Knapp, President and Gen. Mgr.
George L. Allen, Vice President.
W. B. Carr, Secretary.
Office, Corner Seventh and Olive Streets.
(REPUBLIC BUILDING)

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
DAILY AND SUNDAY SEVEN ISSUES A WEEK.
By Mail—In Advance—Postage Prepaid.
One year, \$5.00
Six months, \$2.50
Three months, \$1.50
Any three days, except Sunday, one year, \$2.50
Sunday, with Magazine, 2.50
Special Mail Edition, Sunday, 1.50
Special Mail Edition, Monday, 1.50
Published Monday and Tuesday—one year, \$1.50
By Mail—In Advance—Postage Prepaid.
By Mail—In Advance—Postage Prepaid.
By Mail—In Advance—Postage Prepaid.

BY CARRIER, ST. LOUIS AND SUBURBS:
Per week, daily only, 6 cents
Per week, daily and Sunday, 11 cents
Per month, 1.50
Per year, 15.00
Published Monday and Tuesday—one year, \$1.50
By Mail—In Advance—Postage Prepaid.
By Mail—In Advance—Postage Prepaid.

Address THE REPUBLIC,
St. Louis, Mo.
Entered at the Post Office in St. Louis, Mo., as
second-class matter.
POSTMASTER: PER COPY,
Sixteen, eleven and twenty pages, 1 cent
Twenty-two and twenty-four pages, 2 cents
Thirty pages, 3 cents
TELEPHONE NUMBERS: Main 2018 A 675
Editorial Reception Room, Park 156 A 674

FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1901.

Vol. 52 No. 23

FEBRUARY CIRCULATION.

W. B. Carr, Business Manager of the St. Louis Republic, being daily aware that the circulation of the daily and Sunday Republic printed during the month of February, 1901, all in regular editions, was as per schedule below:

Date	Copies	Date	Copies
1.....	74,350	15.....	74,170
2.....	77,960	16.....	78,550
3.....	77,960	17.....	78,550
4.....	74,360	18.....	74,200
5.....	74,290	19.....	74,280
6.....	74,230	20.....	75,380
7.....	74,520	21.....	75,180
8.....	75,990	22.....	74,390
9.....	78,180	23.....	80,650
10.....	75,260	24.....	98,675
11.....	74,710	25.....	75,160
12.....	76,470	26.....	75,680
13.....	77,490	27.....	74,970
14.....	74,600	28.....	75,380

Total for the month.....2,196,675

Less all copies sold in printing, left over or filed.....6,847

Net number distributed.....2,189,828

Average daily distribution.....76,169

And said W. B. Carr further says that the number of copies returned or reported unsold during the month of February was 818 per cent.

W. B. CARR.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of February, 1901.

J. P. FARISH,

Notary Public, City of St. Louis, Mo. My term expires April 24, 1901.

CARNEGIE'S GIFT.

Andrew Carnegie's splendid gift of \$5,000,000 for the endowment of a fund for superannuated and disabled employees of the Carnegie company makes the opening year of the Twentieth Century memorable in a peculiarly gratifying and auspicious manner.

This noble benefaction, or simple act of justice, rather, as Mr. Carnegie himself makes plain in his acknowledgment of indebtedness to the toilers who helped him to amass his millions, contains a signal promise of better relations between employer and employee. Mr. Carnegie has taken the lead in this direction. There is good reason to believe that others will follow his lead.

In the meantime it is in order to recognize anew the fact that Mr. Carnegie's philanthropy is the true philanthropy, the helping of those that labor and are heavy laden and that have not heretofore received the full reward to which their labor entitled them. The hard-headed old Scotch-American is doing a great and good work.

POLICE LAW GENESIS.

St. Louis has not forgotten the real cause of the enactment of the present police law.

For years a corrupt Municipal Assembly had used its control of appropriations to cripple the police force by irregular and inadequate allowances. Every manager in Council or House had insisted on forcing his worthless henchmen on the force. One-third of the entire number of policemen were appointed by members of the Municipal Assembly. Dictation of these personal appointments was the rigid condition under which appropriations for maintenance of the department were made.

It was notorious that this demoralizing corruption was the greatest drawback to efficient police service. There lay the argument on which the present police law rested before the Legislature. The police act of 1899 was never defended as a correct rule—at least not by the Republic. But there can be no doubt about where lay the real responsibility for its passage. A corrupt and greedy Municipal Assembly created an intolerable condition and the Legislature saw a justification for introducing a new system.

PLACING MR. PARKER.

"If I am elected," said Mr. Wells in a recent speech, "I will take my seat without having made a single promise or pledge to any one, and my sole ambition will be to administer the laws in the interest of all the people, to the end that all may equally enjoy the blessings of good, honest government."

How different this is from Mr. Parker's utterances. "The boys who do the work are the boys who will get the nuts," he announced, addressing a gathering of the Ziegenhain gang, for whose support he had pledged such deep promises to the Ziegenhain gang and the machine leaders. Do you suppose the Ziegenhain gang would be so ardently supporting him but for this promise of the "nuts" thus extended? Do you suppose that Ziegenhain would have sent down the line the tip—"Parker is all right"—if Parker had not pledged himself to machine service?

And "Tub" Becker, the chosen lieutenant of Ziegenhainism; would "Tub" be raising a campaign slush-fund for Parker's benefit if he did not know that Parker would stand by "Tub" Becker and the rest of the gang? And Kalbfell and Judy and Alt and Carroll and all the other Ziegenhain members of the Republican City Central Committee; would they have nominated Parker in secret caucus but for assurances of Parker's loyalty to the Ziegenhain gang? Think these things over.

And then imagine the sort of municipal government we would have during the World's Fair if Parker were elected. Could he, or would he, "administer the laws in the interest of all the people, to the end that all might equally enjoy the blessings of good, honest government?" Would he not, instead, administer the laws for the benefit and continued advantage of the Ziegenhain gang, pledged as he is to that course? Put two and two together and size Mr. Parker up as he stands in the hollow square of Ziegenhainism. Then you'll know just how to place him.

SAME OLD GANG.

This same Ziegenhain gang which is now working so ardently for the election of George W. Parker as World's Fair Mayor of St. Louis, knowing that millions of dollars must be spent in preparing the city for the World's Fair, and seeing a chance for a big "take-off" in that fact, is the same gang that backed the \$200,000,000 Charter Amendment scheme for the perpetuation of Ziegenhainism in 1898.

It was the people's distrust of this gang, indeed, which largely prevailed to defeat the movement to amend the City Charter. The purpose of the proposed amendments, on the surface, was to authorize a tax of \$200,000,000 to defray the cost of modernizing St. Louis. Underneath the surface the voters of St. Louis plainly saw a gigantic gang movement for loot and booty. They could not but see it. The Ziegenhain gang itself boasted that if the Charter Amendment were adopted the gang would be entrenched in control of St. Louis for the next twenty-five years.

All the influence and power possible to Ziegenhain, to the Ziegenhain machine and to the Ziegenhain gang were brought to bear for the passage of the Charter Amendment. The fight was a long and fierce one, and it inevitably assumed the true aspect of a fight between the people and the gang. The gang saw a prospect promising almost limitless grafting and booting and strengthening of the machine through the patronage attaching to the expenditure of \$200,000,000 in municipal improvement. The people saw what would happen if Ziegenhainism should have this great sum at its disposal. Popular distrust of the Ziegenhain gang prevailed to overwhelmingly defeat the Charter Amendment scheme.

This same distrust prevails now to prevent Ziegenhainism during the World's Fair period. The people of St. Louis propose to expend millions in making St. Louis a World's Fair City—but not through the Ziegenhain gang. They know that colossal corruption would prevail under a gang administration during the World's Fair period. They see that the gang is supporting Parker for the Mayoralty. They have heard Parker's promise that the gang will be rewarded with the spoils of victory in the event of his election. They know that Parker must be defeated if the Ziegenhain gang is not to realize its dream of looting the municipality during the era of municipal preparation for the World's Fair. They will see to it that Parker is defeated. The Ziegenhain gang must go.

the colonial administration would be shorn of their power and influence. On the contrary, Spain has not prospered. The lessons of the conflict seem to have been lost. If possible, the deplorable inability of the Government to assume responsibilities with a firm hand has resulted in a tendency to revolution all over the kingdom.

Unjust and exorbitant taxation of a poor peasantry is one of the prime causes of the trouble. What makes the case more unfortunate is the fact that the money collected, instead of being applied to the purposes of government, goes into the pockets of the officials with the same ease that characterized the old colonial days.

All together, the country is in a bad way. Spain is known as the poorest country in Europe. Some change is bound to come. It is said that Weyler has declared a revolution would be a good thing. The material for one is certainly there. Events of the next few weeks will determine whether the complete reorganization will occur now or be put on awhile longer.

BAD HABIT.

In the facts concerning "Tub" Becker's methods of "service" to the city in the Street Sprinkling Department, as set forth in Thursday's Republic, there is contained a striking example of the slackness and imposition prevailing under the Ziegenhain administration of municipal affairs.

It will be seen that it made no difference to Mr. Becker whether the Sprinkling Inspector was in Hot Springs, as in the case of one Lochbihler, or had gone hunting, as in the case of one Wanderer—they were duly reported as at work for the city and no deduction of their pay was made. This was done by "Tub" Becker himself, who drew up their sprinkling reports, to which he signed the names of the absent inspectors, thus enabling them to draw from the City Treasury money which they had not earned.

This "Tub" Becker helped to nominate George W. Parker for World's Fair Mayor of St. Louis, and is now raising a campaign slush fund for Parker's benefit. His methods in the Street Sprinkling Department are the typical gang methods. They are referred to the attention of the voters of St. Louis. Do we desire such methods to prevail throughout the tremendous task of municipal preparation for the World's Fair? Not if there is to be any consideration for the public welfare and for the good name of St. Louis.

The beer tax controversy brings up one point where amendment seems necessary. Examination of the beer inspection law of 1899 discloses a peculiar provision—an example of the carelessness with which the whole measure was constructed. This provision prohibits the use of corn—one of the State's chief products—in the manufacture of beer, and recommends the use of rice. Whether consumers like beer when corn enters into the composition The Republic doesn't know; but certainly corn is as wholesome as either barley or rice. Why the Legislature should have attempted to destroy a market for corn passes understanding.

There's just enough light enveloping the One-Candle-Power Mayor to reveal Candidate Parker clinging to the Ziegenhain machine as constituting his main hope of election.

That mock Irish Lord who vainly tried to swindle an American college president is now probably convinced that Yankee savants are genuine "wise guys."

Ziegenhain's boys, the lighting scandal boys, the Central Traction boys—these are the "boys who will get the nuts" if Parker is elected Mayor of St. Louis.

Whatever "nuts" there may be in municipal government during the World's Fair period must go to the people of St. Louis, not to the Ziegenhain gang.

Who says the Duke of Manchester hasn't a "pull" with his American father-in-law? It suffices to haul the old man permanently to England.

If McKineyism only dared to run a Battle of its own President Hadley of Yale would soon be immersed in its deepest and darkest dungeon.

And now it is said that the Sick Man of Europe is negotiating a big loan from Germany. News from an invalid is always likely to be touching.

That African desert dust which is thought to have caused the "bloody rains" reported in Sicily and Italy must have been truly red-hot.

Don't waste your stock of abusive epithets on fickle Mark. You'll need a big supply with which to do justice to inconstant April.

St. Louis is renowned as a city that always more than meets its obligations. Its World's Fair will be the biggest and best ever known.

Old Patriot Gomez thinks that we have "forsaken our principles and love of liberty." Let's prove we haven't by freeing Cuba.

Mark Hanna says that Mr. McKiney doesn't desire a third term. What is it he wants, Mark—a crown, by the grace of Trustism?

Christian Scientists doubtless find the Missouri Legislature's enactment of the medical practice law a bitter pill to swallow.

Republican candidate Parker cannot get rid of the taint of Ziegenhainism save through fannation by defeat at the polls.

Wasn't that a fine lot of "clean-handed" boys to whom Candidate Parker promised "nuts" in the event of his election?

Those fearful mouthings of the Globe-Democrat may arise from the fact that it has bitten off more than it can chew.

It's the old Central Traction gang that is supporting Parker for World's Fair Mayor of St. Louis. Hereaus mit em!

It isn't the Nesbit law that is most feared by the Ziegenhain gangsters. It's the older law of punishment for sin.

No man can be elected World's Fair Mayor of St. Louis on the gang issue of "nuts for the boys."

KELCEY AND SHANNON IN

"MANON LESCAUT."

Only once last night, and that one time in a scene that endured for but five minutes, did the memory of Mr. Manon Lescaut of Bergrace force itself to the front.

The Olympic audience that saw the Coquelin rendering of Rostand's quaint comedy was not for comparative criticism. Champions of the Frenchman rubbed elbows with friends of Mr. Manon's art, and when the scenes were all over, the man from gay Paris had the best of the argument. The single scene in which there was a lusty Mansfield memory was that of the famous "Chicks de Gasconne" speech. Here Mr. Coquelin failed. His audience had taken a deep breath and was leaning forward, expecting. But the expected did not happen. "These are the chicks of Gasconne," he whistled and mumbled and sighed. Once, twice, perhaps three times, his voice went up and out through the theater, but mostly it was the tender tone that came. In this poetry there was such beauty that a new Coquelin grew before our American eyes and ears. The skeleton alone was the thing we had known before. In the second act, for example, among the pious and solemn scenes, the scene of the temptations with such line repression that had been uttered no word, the story would have been well told. Indeed, Mr. Coquelin's speech to the effect that he was long and eloquent silence that came in for appreciation no less than that which went to some of the best lines. Mr. Coquelin put clownish comedy in sad places—by our standards—and from the same point of view—took something away from our sympathy by doing so.

In the balcony scene in the third act his interpretation of the bogus Christian was capitally amusing. We hear a great deal about the underlying sentiment of this scene—the fine spirit of repression of self-denial shown in it; but no actor who has yet played it has ever developed this far-fetched idea. The scene is, of course, funny, never pathetic. Told as a story, it might bring the vagrant tear—but not as the actors act it; not so.

Then Bernhardt. She played Roxane. We had never before seen the Miss Margaret Anglin played it with Mr. Mansfield, but—

The Roxane as played by Mme. Bernhardt is so coy, so unwisely wise, so real, so young womanly that you find yourself smiling and laughing and sighing. You hang on her words; you start at the voice—the voice that is not heard in the strenuous "Eagles"; you catch yourself whispering with her, laughing with her, pouring with her—if you are a woman, then—still if you are a woman, you look at her gowns, her head dress, her diamond-encrusted hands. If you are a man you wonder and wonder and wonder about the charm and youth and springiness of this 36-year-old grand-mother. Perhaps Ponce de Leon found the fountain of youth after all, and it is theosophy way got the news to Madame Sarah!

The Bernhardt walk, the activity of it; the manner in which she sprang from a chair as from an 18-year-old maid might,

story, and the dramatization is so well handled from the theatrical point of view that every act closes with a bloodied old-fashioned "thrill." And there is decided plenty—a man killed in the second act and in the third, the scoundrelly old Comte de Varney this latter, and Manon being the slayer, and always there is danger in the air, and pathos as well, and the "heart interest" of which we hear so much. I think Miss Shannon and Mr. Kelcey will find the play a good acquisition.

The story is pitched so strongly in the melodramatic key that the various players must needs be excused. It seems to me for what at first seems almost an exaggeration of emphasis. With this estimate of its logical demands upon the company, the work of Frederick Farrar as the Comte de Varney, of Gaston Mervale as the Marquis de Seneville, of Guy Bates Post as the Abbe Thibault, of Harrison Armstrong as the Chevalier de Greux, he has a part which is played by him with singular robustness, almost too much so in the first act when he is about to take holy orders, but it evidently appealed to last night's house with considerable magnanimity. It is necessarily melodramatic to a degree, and for this reason the vigor of Mr. Kelcey's conception of the character was more in keeping as the story unfolded, and the more eloquently of vigorous rehearsal. And the play undoubtedly went the favor of the house—so much so that congratulations to Miss Shannon and Mr. Kelcey are in order.

By all odds, and as was inevitable by virtue of the story, Miss Effie Shannon has far and away the star part in the role of Manon. Also, she appears to unusual advantage, displaying a fire and intensity surprising to those who have grown accustomed to gentler work from her, and in especially marked contrast to her "My Lady Mary" of the earlier half of this week's engagement. Miss Shannon made a bit of notable progress in her new venture.

As for Mr. Kelcey in the role of the Chevalier de Greux, he has a part which is played by him with singular robustness, almost too much so in the first act when he is about to take holy orders, but it evidently appealed to last night's house with considerable magnanimity. It is necessarily melodramatic to a degree, and for this reason the vigor of Mr. Kelcey's conception of the character was more in keeping as the story unfolded, and the more eloquently of vigorous rehearsal. And the play undoubtedly went the favor of the house—so much so that congratulations to Miss Shannon and Mr. Kelcey are in order.

There's just enough light enveloping the One-Candle-Power Mayor to reveal Candidate Parker clinging to the Ziegenhain machine as constituting his main hope of election.

That mock Irish Lord who vainly tried to swindle an American college president is now probably convinced that Yankee savants are genuine "wise guys."

Ziegenhain's boys, the lighting scandal boys, the Central Traction boys—these are the "boys who will get the nuts" if Parker is elected Mayor of St. Louis.

Whatever "nuts" there may be in municipal government during the World's Fair period must go to the people of St. Louis, not to the Ziegenhain gang.

Who says the Duke of Manchester hasn't a "pull" with his American father-in-law? It suffices to haul the old man permanently to England.

If McKineyism only dared to run a Battle of its own President Hadley of Yale would soon be immersed in its deepest and darkest dungeon.

And now it is said that the Sick Man of Europe is negotiating a big loan from Germany. News from an invalid is always likely to be touching.

That African desert dust which is thought to have caused the "bloody rains" reported in Sicily and Italy must have been truly red-hot.

Don't waste your stock of abusive epithets on fickle Mark. You'll need a big supply with which to do justice to inconstant April.

St. Louis is renowned as a city that always more than meets its obligations. Its World's Fair will be the biggest and best ever known.

Old Patriot Gomez thinks that we have "forsaken our principles and love of liberty." Let's prove we haven't by freeing Cuba.

Mark Hanna says that Mr. McKiney doesn't desire a third term. What is it he wants, Mark—a crown, by the grace of Trustism?

Christian Scientists doubtless find the Missouri Legislature's enactment of the medical practice law a bitter pill to swallow.

Republican candidate Parker cannot get rid of the taint of Ziegenhainism save through fannation by defeat at the polls.

Wasn't that a fine lot of "clean-handed" boys to whom Candidate Parker promised "nuts" in the event of his election?

Those fearful mouthings of the Globe-Democrat may arise from the fact that it has bitten off more than it can chew.

It's the old Central Traction gang that is supporting Parker for World's Fair Mayor of St. Louis. Hereaus mit em!

It isn't the Nesbit law that is most feared by the Ziegenhain gangsters. It's the older law of punishment for sin.

No man can be elected World's Fair Mayor of St. Louis on the gang issue of "nuts for the boys."

COQUELIN AS CYRANO; BERNHARDT AS ROXANE.



EFFIE SHANNON AS "MANON LESCAUT."

Only once last night, and that one time in a scene that endured for but five minutes, did the memory of Mr. Manon Lescaut of Bergrace force itself to the front.

The Olympic audience that saw the Coquelin rendering of Rostand's quaint comedy was not for comparative criticism. Champions of the Frenchman rubbed elbows with friends of Mr. Manon's art, and when the scenes were all over, the man from gay Paris had the best of the argument. The single scene in which there was a lusty Mansfield memory was that of the famous "Chicks de Gasconne" speech. Here Mr. Coquelin failed. His audience had taken a deep breath and was leaning forward, expecting. But the expected did not happen. "These are the chicks of Gasconne," he whistled and mumbled and sighed. Once, twice, perhaps three times, his voice went up and out through the theater, but mostly it was the tender tone that came. In this poetry there was such beauty that a new Coquelin grew before our American eyes and ears. The skeleton alone was the thing we had known before. In the second act, for example, among the pious and solemn scenes, the scene of the temptations with such line repression that had been uttered no word, the story would have been well told. Indeed, Mr. Coquelin's speech to the effect that he was long and eloquent silence that came in for appreciation no less than that which went to some of the best lines. Mr. Coquelin put clownish comedy in sad places—by our standards—and from the same point of view—took something away from our sympathy by doing so.

In the balcony scene in the third act his interpretation of the bogus Christian was capitally amusing. We hear a great deal about the underlying sentiment of this scene—the fine spirit of repression of self-denial shown in it; but no actor who has yet played it has ever developed this far-fetched idea. The scene is, of course, funny, never pathetic. Told as a story, it might bring the vagrant tear—but not as the actors act it; not so.

Then Bernhardt. She played Roxane. We had never before seen the Miss Margaret Anglin played it with Mr. Mansfield, but—

The Roxane as played by Mme. Bernhardt is so coy, so unwisely wise, so real, so young womanly that you find yourself smiling and laughing and sighing. You hang on her words; you start at the voice—the voice that is not heard in the strenuous "Eagles"; you catch yourself whispering with her, laughing with her, pouring with her—if you are a woman, then—still if you are a woman, you look at her gowns, her head dress, her diamond-encrusted hands. If you are a man you wonder and wonder and wonder about the charm and youth and springiness of this 36-year-old grand-mother. Perhaps Ponce de Leon found the fountain of youth after all, and it is theosophy way got the news to Madame Sarah!

The Bernhardt walk, the activity of it; the manner in which she sprang from a chair as from an 18-year-old maid might,

story, and the dramatization is so well handled from the theatrical point of view that every act closes with a bloodied old-fashioned "thrill." And there is decided plenty—a man killed in the second act and in the third, the scoundrelly old Comte de Varney this latter, and Manon being the slayer, and always there is danger in the air, and pathos as well, and the "heart interest" of which we hear so much. I think Miss Shannon and Mr. Kelcey will find the play a good acquisition.

By all odds, and as was inevitable by virtue of the story, Miss Effie Shannon has far and away the star part in the role of Manon. Also, she appears to unusual advantage, displaying a fire and intensity surprising to those who have grown accustomed to gentler work from her, and in especially marked contrast to her "My Lady Mary" of the earlier half of this week's engagement. Miss Shannon made a bit of notable progress in her new venture.

As for Mr. Kelcey in the role of the Chevalier de Greux, he has a part which is played by him with singular robustness, almost too much so in the first act when he is about to take holy orders, but it evidently appealed to last night's house with considerable magnanimity. It is necessarily melodramatic to a degree, and for this reason the vigor of Mr. Kelcey's conception of the character was more in keeping as the story unfolded, and the more eloquently of vigorous rehearsal. And the play undoubtedly went the favor of the house—so much so that congratulations to Miss Shannon and Mr. Kelcey are in order.

There's just enough light enveloping the One-Candle-Power Mayor to reveal Candidate Parker clinging to the Ziegenhain machine as constituting his main hope of election.

That mock Irish Lord who vainly tried to swindle an American college president is now probably convinced that Yankee savants are genuine "wise guys."

Ziegenhain's boys, the lighting scandal boys, the Central Traction boys—these are the "boys who will get the nuts" if Parker is elected Mayor of St. Louis.

Whatever "nuts" there may be in municipal government during the World's Fair period must go to the people of St. Louis, not to the Ziegenhain gang.

Who says the Duke of Manchester hasn't a "pull" with his American father-in-law? It suffices to haul the old man permanently to England.

If McKineyism only dared to run a Battle of its own President Hadley of Yale would soon be immersed in its deepest and darkest dungeon.

And now it is said that the Sick Man of Europe is negotiating a big loan from Germany. News from an invalid is always likely to be touching.

That African desert dust which is thought to have caused the "bloody rains" reported in Sicily and Italy must have been truly red-hot.

Don't waste your stock of abusive epithets on fickle Mark. You'll need a big supply with which to do justice to inconstant April.

St. Louis is renowned as a city that always more than meets its obligations. Its World's Fair will be the biggest and best ever known.

Old Patriot Gomez thinks that we have "forsaken our principles and love of liberty." Let's prove we haven't by freeing Cuba.

Mark Hanna says that Mr. McKiney doesn't desire a third term. What is it he wants, Mark—a crown, by the grace of Trustism?

Christian Scientists doubtless find the Missouri Legislature's enactment of the medical practice law a bitter pill to swallow.

Republican candidate Parker cannot get rid of the taint of Ziegenhainism save through fannation by defeat at the polls.

Wasn't that a fine lot of "clean-handed" boys to whom Candidate Parker promised "nuts" in the event of his election?

Those fearful mouthings of the Globe-Democrat may arise from the fact that it has bitten off more than it can chew.

It's the old Central Traction gang that is supporting Parker for World's Fair Mayor of St. Louis. Hereaus mit em!

It isn't the Nesbit law that is most feared by the Ziegenhain gangsters. It's the older law of punishment for sin.

No man can be elected World's Fair Mayor of St. Louis on the gang issue of "nuts for the boys."

Only once last night, and that one time in a scene that endured for but five minutes, did the memory of Mr. Manon Lescaut of Bergrace force itself to the front.

The Olympic audience that saw the Coquelin rendering of Rostand's quaint comedy was not for comparative criticism. Champions of the Frenchman rubbed elbows with friends of Mr. Manon's art, and when the scenes were all over, the man from gay Paris had the best of the argument. The single scene in which there was a lusty Mansfield memory was that of the famous "Chicks de Gasconne" speech. Here Mr. Coquelin failed. His audience had taken a deep breath and was leaning forward, expecting. But the expected did not happen. "These are the chicks of Gasconne," he whistled and mumbled and sighed. Once, twice, perhaps three times, his voice went up and out through the theater, but mostly it was the tender tone that came. In this poetry there was such beauty that a new Coquelin grew before our American eyes and ears. The skeleton alone was the thing we had known before. In the second act, for example, among the pious and solemn scenes, the scene of the temptations with such line repression that had been uttered no word, the story would have been well told. Indeed, Mr. Coquelin's speech to the effect that he was long and eloquent silence that came in for appreciation no less than that which went to some of the best lines. Mr. Coquelin put clownish comedy in sad places—by our standards—and from the same point of view—took something away from our sympathy by doing so.

In the balcony scene in the third act his interpretation of the bogus Christian was capitally amusing. We hear a great deal about the underlying sentiment of this scene—the fine spirit of repression of self-denial shown in it; but no actor who has yet played it has ever developed this far-fetched idea. The scene is, of course, funny, never pathetic. Told as a